A Tale of Love in the California

Sierras.

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CHAPTER L.

Hghts were out in Robinson's Hall, where there | so small. I wish there was some other woman silver. The cavalende, that an hour ago had shocked the sedate pines with song and laugh- and me"ter, were all dispersed. One enamored swain another south; and the object of their adoration, left within her bower at Chemisal Ridge,

was calmly going to bed. I regret that I am not able to indicate the genct stage of that process. Two chairs were already filled with delicate inwrappings and white confusion; and the young lady herself, half-hidden in the silky threads of her yellow hair, had at one time borne a faint resemblance to a partly-husked car of Indian corn. But she was new clothed in that one long, formless garment that makes all women equal; and the round shoulders and neat waist, that an hour ago had been so fatal to the peace of mind of Four Forks, had utterly disappeared. The face above it was very pretty; the foot below, albeit

ness to one of her lovers. The expression of the "Rose" to-night was whom bare feet are only an episode. Indeed, planting and cultivation.

A knock at the door surprised her. In an- McClosky with parental faith. other moment she had leaped into bed, and cesses demanded "Who's there?" An applogetic murmur on the other side of the door was the response.

"Why, father !- is that you?" deprecatory, and persistent.

though, I fear, not altogether intelligibly,

"Do, father, I declare?" "You was abed, Jinny," said Mr. McClosky and ondressed."

stumpy heard, that hore a general resemblance | sensitive mouth and its suggestion,

"They was all there?" small, transions eyes; but meeting the un- savage-looking escort of hers, who has been showhed, widely-opened lid of his daughter, he | haunting the house ever since, can testify. My

two bands under her head, and assuming a confusion for a moment with his eyes, Ridgemore comfortable position on the pillow. "He | way's mouth asked grimly,asked me that same question again, father, and "And who is this girl, anyway?" I said, 'Yes.' It's to be-soon. We're going to live at Four Forks, in his own house; and next Winter we're going to Sacramento. I suppose it's all right, father, ch?" She emphasized the | Closky, laying one hand imploringly on Ridgeinto an abstract revery.

"Yes, surely," said Mr. McClosky, recoveragain, and then said, "Jinny?" "Yes, father."

"You'se in bed, and ondressed?"

bing his chin,-"you couldn't dress yourself ployed upon his beard, again could yer?" Why, father!"

again?" he added hastily. "Not all of 'em, man in the country; and," he added cun- the Treasury. you know, but some of 'cm. Not if I helped | ningly, "Jack Ashe ain't the kind o' man to you, -sorter stood by, and lent a hand now and | sit by and hear anything said of his wife or her then with a strap, or a buckle, or a necktie, or relations, you bet! But hush-that's her foot a shoestring?" he continued, still looking at on the stairs. She's cummin'." familiarize himself with their contents.

ter. Thar is a stranger down stairs, -a stranger | how it was delivered to you.

hey round "-"What do you have him round for, then?"

Miss Jenny shrugged her pretty shoulders. " Is he old, or young?"

a power of things." What does he know?

" Not much, I reckon. He's got money in | young people thus amicably disposed, he calmly | that's the end of it. the mill at Four Forks. He travels round a | went to sleep. good deal. I've heard, Jinny, that he's a poet | It was a pleasant time to each. To Miss closures equally succharine.

young animal.

names he called me. You see, Jinny," contin- was this perennial virginity of the affections

It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. The little, "I wish mother hadn't died when I was livered him as a trust into her hands.

had ridden east, another west, another north, her brave eyes, that were still fixed carnestly gered on the white road, that their feet climbed words of comfort.

"Thar ain't one of them gals ez you've named, Jinny, ez could do what you've done with a whole Noah's ark of relations at their backs! Thar ain't one ez wouldn't sacrifice her nearest ed, and, in his old deprecating manner, said, Don't be long, Jinny," smiled, and vanished from the head downward, his canvas slippers asserting themselves resolutely to the last.

shapely, was not small. "The flowers, as a his troublesome guest was not there. The de- ment she glimmered through the trees, and general thing, don't raise their heads much to canter stood on the table untouched; three or then, reaching the house, passed her sleeping look after me," she had said with superb frank- four books lay upon the floor; a number of father on the veranda, and, darting into her bedcontentedly placid. She walked slowly to the and a Mexican blanket, lay on the carpet, as her hot cheeks upon her hands, and listened. window, and, making the smallest possible if the late occupant of the room had tried to In a few moments she was rewarded by the peep-hole through the curtain, looked out. The read in a recumbent position. A French win- sharp clatter of hoofs on the stony road; only a counct, or a woman very much in love, | fastened, now betrayed by its waving lace cur- | road. At another time she might have recogwalked steadily and erect, without that slight | the history of Tuolumne, at the massivelyaffectation of lameness common to people with framed pictures on the walls, and looked be- tears gathered in her sweet eyes. yend it, through the open window, to the recktailboard of her father's emigrant wagon when | youth of Tuolumue into filial respect, was evi- | but everything looked strange. The roses | it first drew up at Chemisal Ridge. Certain | dentity a failure. It remained to be seen if the | should have been withered, for the party seemed | wild habits of the "Rose" had outlived trans- "Rose" herself had lost her fragrance. "I so long ago. She could hardly remember when dogs.

"Whit," said the "Rose." She got up, un- | bed? Didn't I tell you to go and leave me | straggling line of black picket-fence below, | hound is, in fact, in a certain sense, a mis locked the door, leaped nimbly into bed again, here alone? In the name of all that's idiotic that had faded away with the stars, came back nomer. The Texas hound is not a savage ani-The door opened timidly. The broad, stoop- about here? Or are you trying to drive me | the fence? Jenny raised her head and looked | made. They are true descendants of the splening shoulders, and grizzled head, of a man past | crazy with your presence, as you have with | intently. It was a man endeavoring to climb the | did animals which made such royal sport for the middle age, appeared; after a moment's | that wretched music-box that I've just drop- | pickets, and falling backward with each attempt. | the Norman kings and nobles. Gentle, patient, hesitation, a pair of large, diffident feet, shod | ped under vonder tree? It's an hour and a | Suddenly she started to her feet, as if the rosy | untiring, and magnificent in strength, they are with canvas slippers, concluded to follow. half yet before the stage passes; do you think, flushes of the dawn had crimsoned her from at once the patricians of their race and the When the apparition was complete, it closed | do you imagine for a single moment, that I can | forchead to shoulders; then she stood, white as | favorites of their masters. The cruel admixthe door softly, and stood there, -a very shy tolerate you until then, ch? Why don't you the wall, with her hands clasped upon her ture of blood which gives the Cuban hound his ghost indeed, with apparently more than the speak? Are you asleep? You don't mean to bosom; then, with a single bound, she reached devilish hatred of a fleeing foe is, happily, abusual spiritual indisposition to begin a conver- say that you have the audacity to add som- the door, and, with flying braids and fluttering | sent from the physical development of our | The "Rose" resented this imputiently, nambulism to your other weaknesses? you're skirts, sprang down the stairs and out to the

such weak pretext as that, eh? A fit of nervous coughing ended this extra-Blowly, glancing, with a singular mixture of ordinary exordium; and half sitting, half leanmasculine awe and paternal pride, upon the ingagainst the veranda, Mr. McClosky's guest two chairs and their contents,-"you was abed | turned his face, and part of a slight, elegant | knelt beside Ridgeway, with his fainting head | his capture, and the hound is, therefore, called figure, toward his host. The lower portion of | upon her breast. this upturned face wore an habitual expression "Surely," said Mr. McClosky, seating him- of fastidious discontent, with an occasional line | this?" self on the extreme edge of the bed, and pain- of physical suffering. But the brow above was fully tucking his feet away under it, -" sure- frank and critical; and a pair of dark, mirthful by." After a pause, he rubbed a short, thick, eyes, sat in playful judgment over the super-

to a badly-worn blacking-brush, with the palm "I allowed to go to bed, Ridgeway," said Mr. of his hand, and went on, "You had a good time, McClosky meekly; "but my girl Jinny's jist got back from a little tear up at Robinson's, and ain't inclined to turn in yet. You know what girls is. So I thought we three would jist have "Yes, Rance and York and Ryder and Jack." a social chat together to pass away the time." "And Jack!" Mr. McClosky endeavored to | "You mendacious old hypocrite! She got throw an expression of arch inquiry into his back an hour ago," said Ridgeway, "as that slowly,-

winked rapidly, and blushed to the roots of his | belief is, that, like an enterprising idiot as you are, you've dragged that girl out of her bed, "Yes, Jack was there," said Jenny, without that we might mutually bore each other." change of color, or the least self-consciousness | Mr. McClosky was too much stunned by this in her great gray eyes; "and he came home evidence of Ridgeway's apparently superhuman with me." She pansed a moment, locking her penetration to reply. After enjoying his host's

"Nancy's,"

"Your wife's?" "Yes. But look yar, Ridgeway," said Mc-

souri. Eh!" ing himself with some confusion. After a pause an excess of rage. "Good God! Do you mean a woman, helpless and trembling, stood be- hunter. Trained to track man, he will do the he looked down at the bed-ciothes, and, pat- to say that you have been concealing from her fore him, -a woman that cried out that she ting them tenderly, continued, "You couldn't a fact that any day, any moment, may come to had "killed him," that she was "wicked, have done better, Jinny. They isn't a girl in her ears? That you've been letting her grow | wicked!" and that, even saying so, staggered, Tuolumne ez could strike it cz rich as you hav up in ignorance of something that by this time | and fell beside her late burden. And all that -even if they got the chance." He paused she might have outgrown and forgotten? That Mr. McClosky could do was to feebly rub his better adapted to the needs of a humane and order direct to Old Army Friends Publishing years slowly forging a thunderbolt that any one ently, that "Jenny had fetched him." may crush her with? That "-but here Ridgeway's cough took possession of his voice, and "You couldn't," said Mr. McClosky, glancing even put a moisture into his dark eyes, as he hopelessiy at the two chairs, and slowly rub- looked at McClosky's aimless hand feebly em-

"But," said McClosky, "look how she's done! "Kinder get yourself into them things She's to be married in a month to the richest

the chairs, and evidently trying to boldly | She came. I don't think the French window ever held a finer view than when she put aside " Are you crazy, father?" demanded Jenny, the curtains and stepped out. She had dressed suddenly sitting up with a portentions switch herself simply and hurriedly, but with a woof her yellow mane. Mr. McClosky rubbedone | man's knowledge of her best points; so that side of his beard, which already had the ap- you got the long curves of her shapely limbs, pertance of having been quite worn away by the shorter curves of her round waist and that process, and faintly dodged the question. | shoulders, the long sweep of her yellow braids, Jinny, he said, tenderly stroking the bed- the light of her gray eyes, and even the deliclothes as he spoke," this yer's what's the mat- cate rose of her complexion, without knowing spin out long legends, and stories of personal

to you lovey, but a man ez I've knowed a long time. He's been herezbout an hour; and he'll When Ridgeway had got over the fact that it a little behind the times. Our earth rests, ac Why is this do passes. Now I wants ye, Jinuy dear, to get | cheek of this Tuolumne goddess nearest him | horn; the bull stands on another world, which up and some down stairs, and kinder help me | was as down and fresh as an infant's, that she | reposes again on another bull's horn, and so on; he went on, gently raising his hand to depre- having heard of Gothe's heroine, he talked, I seventh bull stands, we are not at liberty to incate any intercuption, "it's no use! He won't dare say, very sensibly. When Miss Jenny- quire further into God's work, and must be congo to lod; he won't play keerds; whisky don't who from her childhood had been brought up tent with what He has been pleased to reveal. take no effect on him. Ever since I knowed among the sons of Anak, and who was accushim, he was the most onsatisfactory critter to | tomed to have the supremacy of our noble sex | ing round the divorce court to get a settlement

turn, I wouldn't ask ye, Jinny. I wouldn't, so help me! But I thought, ez I couldn't do no avail, was a kindly one, albeit general, she takes another direction, and the work of the trail. She takes another direction, on the trail. She takes another direction, and thus brings the hue and cry on herself. It is quite as is a noble passage, and faithfuly portrays the sorter fetch him, Jinny, as you did the others," man, and casting before it the fetishes and easy for him to remarry the same woman; he other idels of her youth. She even confessed | can even repeat this farce three times (if the to it. So that, in half an hour, Ridgeway was | law is the same as in Egypt); but if he is thor-"He s young enough, Jinny; but he knows in possession of all the facts connected with oughly dissatisfied with his helpmost, and has

-writes them rhymes, you know." Mr. Me- Jenny it had the charm of novelty; and she | tarrh Remedy cures. Closely here appealed submissively but directly abandoned herself to it, for that reason, much to his daughter. He remembered that she had | more freely and innocently than her companfrequently been in receipt of printed elegale ion, who knew something more of the inevicomplets known as "mottoes," containing in- table logic of the position. I do not think, how- demanding a vote upon general pension bills ever, he had any intention of love-making. I Miss Jenny slightly curled her pretty lip. do not think he was at all conscious of being She had that fine contempt for the illusions of | in the attitude. I am quite positive he would fancy which belongs to the perfectly healthy have shrunk from the suggestion of disloyalty to the one woman whom he admitted to him-"Not," continued Mr. McClosky, rubbing his self he loved. But, like most poets, he was head reflectively, "not ez I'd advise ye, Jinny, | much more true to an idea than a fact, and | undersigned members of Amusement Committo say anything to him about poetry. Itain't having a very lofty conception of womanhood, | tee of Hays Post, 3, G.A.R., having just closed 20 minutes ago ez Idid. I set the whisky afore | with a very sanguine nature, he saw in each | a successful engagement with Comrade A. F. him in the parlor. I wound up the music-box, | new face the possibilities of a realization of his | Nail, with his old standard drama the "Drumand set it goin'. Then I sez to him, sociable- ideal. It was, perhaps, an unfortunate thing mer Boy," do most heartily and cheerfully reclike and free, 'Jest consider yourself in your for the women, particularly as he brought to ommend Comrade Nail as an actor and manaown house, and repeat what you allow to be each trial a surprising freshness which was ger to all Posts of G.A.R. wishing to give a firstyour finest production, and he raged. That very deceptive, and quite distinct from the class entertainment .- Jas. B. Eaton, Edwin man, Jinny, jest raged! Thar's no end of the | blase familiarity of the man of gallantry. It | Fisher, Thomas Baker, W. W. Scott.

ued Mr. McClosky apologetically, "he's known | that most endeared him to the best women, who were prone to exercise toward him a chiv-But his daughter had already dismissed the alreas protection—as of one likely to go astray, question with her usual directness. "I'll be unless looked after-and indulged in the dandown in a few moments, father," she said after | gerous combination of sentiment with the higha pause, "but don't say anything to him about est maternal instincts. It was this quality

which caused Jenny to recognize in him a cer-Mr. McClosky's face beamed. "You was tain boyishness that required her womanly allers a good girl, Jinuy, he said, dropping on care, and even induced her to offer to accomone knee the better to imprint a respectful kiss | pany him to the crossroads when the time for on her forehead. But Jenny caught him by his departure arrived. With her superior the wrists, and for a moment held him captive. | knowledge of woodcraft and the locality, she "Father," said she, trying to fix his shy eyes | would have kept him from being lost. I wot with the clear, steady glance of her own, "all | not but that she would have protected him from the girls that were there to-night had someone | bears or wolves, but chiefly, I think, from the | means the bloodthirsty brute his name would | Hamlet's "inky cloak" itself. A pretty and with them. Mame Robinson had her aunt; feline fascinations of Mame Robinson and Lucy Lucy Rance had her mother; Kate Pierson had Rance, who might be lying in wait for this etc. her sister-all, except me, had some other tender young poet. Nor did she cease to be weman. Father dear," her lip trembled just a | thankful that Providence had, so to speak, de-

It was a levely night. The moon swung had been dancing and revelry; and the moon, in the family besides me. I min't lovely with low, and languished softly on the snowy ridge riding high, painted the black windows with you, father dear; but if there was only some beyond. There were quaint odors in the still one, you know, when the time comes for John | air; and a strange incense from the woods pereven the saving grace of speech seemed to have frowning muzzle of the deadly Winchester. forsaken them.

> sound nor motion in earth, or woods, or heaven. They might have been the one man and woman of relation to make the strike that you hev. Ez | for whom this goodly earth that lay at their to mothers, maybe, my dear, you're doin' better | feet, rimmed with the deepest azure, was crewithout one." He rose suddenly, and walked ated. And, seeing this, they turned toward toward the door. When he reached it, he turn- each other with a sudden instinct, and their photographic views of the Sierras were scatter- | room, locked the door, threw open the window, ed over the sofa, two sofa-pillows, a newspaper, and, falling on her knees beside it, leaned

reckon Jinny will fetch him yet," said Mr. | she had worn this dress that lay upon the chair. So she came back to the window and sank down He stepped from the window upon the veran- beside it, with her cheek a trifle paler, leaning figure was detected by the stranger, who at the floor. The stars paled slowly, like her once crossed the road. When within a few | cheek; yet with eyes that saw not, she still old plantigrade!" he said in a low voice, andi- | It came, with violet deepening into purple, | him in pieces. full of affected anxiety, "why don't you go to ing into silver, and glowing into gold. The genuine Texas bloodhound. The name "blood" | peat: and imbecile, why do you continue to shuffle | with the sun. What was that object moving by | mal, save when wounded, or when resistance is of a tigress over her mangled cub; and in an-

> Who, indeed? His clothes were covered his handkerchief, wet with the blood it could and winds have blown to render the scent cold

happened." Ridgeway slowly opened his heavy blue- to the notes blown by royal lips. veined lids and gazed upon her. Presently a

it," and fainted away. house with the helpless body of a man lying across that breast where man had never lain question with a slight kick through the bed- way's sleave, "not a word about her to Jinny. before, a goddess, at whose imperious manclothes, as the parental McClosky had fallen | She thinks her mother's dead-died in Mis- date he arose and cast open the doors before her. And then, when she had laid her uncon-Ridgeway nearly rolled from the veranda in scious burden on the sofa, the goddess fled; and you have been, like a besotted old ass, all these | beard, and say to himself vaguely and incoher-

[To be continued.]

Write at once to your Member of Congress demanding a vote upon general pension bills She's held her head as high as any of 'em. before taking the vote on the Mills bill to empty

Divorces in Algiers.

[Harper's Magazine.] Diamaa-el-Kebir ("the great mosque"), near the Mosquee de la Pecherie, dates back to the Mohammed, who was now a staid father of a family; years ago he posed for me, and would troubles, and real love affairs. His explana-My old friend Mohammed pretended to be waitthree months after this time, and learned that Interrupted Miss Jinny sharply

power in the slight and elegant figure beside he had lost his wife, I conjectured that he was her. McClosky's eyes fell. "Ef he hedn't her, she was at first frightened and cold. But simply waiting his turn to obtain a hearing her, she was at first frightened and cold. But simply waiting his turn to obtain a hearing

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Ca-

Write at once to your Member of Congress before taking the vote on the Mills bill to empty the Treasury.

PITTSBURGH, PA., April 21st, '88.-We, the

DOGS THAT HUNT MEN. Mistaken Notions as to the Characteristics of the

Texas Blood hounds. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] What is a bloodhound? Scientifically this English Baron was anything but meek. For war and sport he was, and still is, as courseem to indicate. "Give a dog a bad name,"

The use of bloodhounds in pursuing fugitive slaves in the days before the war, their appearance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" presentations, power of following a trail where man would be fumed their young blood, and seemed to swoon at fault. Some of the most famous desperadoes revealing to their powerful lorgettes the over-Her voice here suddenly gave out, but not in their pulses. Small wonder that they lin- of the Southwest owe the bloodhound a debt of | whelming fact that not only were here "tights' upon his face. Mr. McClosky, apparently trac- unwillingly the little hill where they were to they trailed to their hidden retreats and com- garments, instead of being of the conventional ing out a pattern on the bedquilt, essayed part, and that when they at last reached it, pelled to yield to the law as typified in the creamy-colored order, were of the most lustrous

The true bloodhound originated from the old For there they stood alone. There was no Talbot breed of northern England. They were well known in Shakspere's days, for he speaks

A talbot strong, a sturdy tyke. And, in effect, the very crest of the Talbots is 'a tyke (or bloodhound) dexter, etc." In order that the ancestry of this famous animal may | a grocer's wagon came up and the driver delivhands met, and then their lips in one long kiss. be fully understood, it is only necessary to ered some goods at a house. While he was gone And then out of the mysterious distance came state that the bloodhound is simply a deer the sound of voices, and the sharp clatter of hound trained to follow men. In the olden hoofs and wheels, and Jenny slid away-a days of England, when vast forests were filled When Mr. McClosky reached his parlor again, white moonbeam-from the hill. For a mo- with "stags of 10 tynes," the favorite sport of royalty and the great nobles was the chase. These stags were hunted with a species of large hound, larger than the foxhound, tall, squareheaded, slow in pursuit, but untiring; with long, pendulous ears, heavy drooping lips and jowl, and with a stern, yet noble expression. They were especially useful, as their pace was so slow that a horseman could easily keep up motionless figure of a horseman still lingered | dow opening upon a veranda, which never be- | but it was only a horseman, whose dark figure | with them in the chase, and even an active on the road, with an excess of devotion that fore in the history of the house had been un- was swiftly lost in the shadows of the lower predestrian could do so, for the humbler member's of a king's or noble's hunting suite always could tolerate. The "Rose," at that moment, tain the way that the fugitive had escaped. | nized the man; but her eyes and ears were now | went afoot. From these deerhounds of old Engwas neither, and, after a reasonable pause, turn- Mr. McClosky heaved a sigh of despair. He all intent on something else. It came pres- land the modern Texas bloodhound is descended. ed away, saying quite audibly that it was "too looked at the gorgeous carpet purchased in Sac- ently with dancing lights, a musical rattle of Of course there are other species of bloodridiculous for anything." As she came back to ramento at a fabulous price, at the crimson harness, a cadence of hoof-beats that set her hounds, viz, the Siberian bloodhound, which is her dressing table, it was noticeable that she satin and resewood furniture unparalleled in heart to beating in unison—and was gone. A an immense animal, and too entirely ferocious sudden sense of loneliness came over her, and | to use in the pursuit of any human being, and | the Cuban or Spanish bloodhound, which is She arose and looked around her. There was nearly akin to the one just named. These it was only four years ago, that without shoes less man, who, fleeing these sybaritic allure- the little bed, the dressing-table, the roses that latter were used by the Spanish colonists to or stockings, a long-limbed, colty girl, in a ments, was smoking a cigar upon the moonlit | she had worn last night, still fresh and bloom- | track Indians, and in later times to reclaim waistless calico gown, she had leaped from the road. This room, which had so often awed the ing in the little vase. Everything was there; fugitive slaves, but they have rarely, if ever, been used by any one in the United States. They are, besides, an entirely different breed of

the deerhound, the ferocious mastiff and the when the order was issued forbidding them to Russian (or Siberian) grayhound. They thus with darkly frowning eyes, from its secure re- da; but he had scarcely done this, before his on her hand, and her long braids reaching to unite the unerring scent of the deerhound, the savage bloodthirstiness of the mastiff and the fleetness of the grayhound. They will track a feet of McClosky, he stopped. "You persistent looked from her window for the coming dawn. fugitive, and, having "bayed" him, will tear thrown out of the window. The reason for the

American hounds. Indeed, public opinion be attained by the use of bloodhounds is not other moment she had leaped the fence, and | the death or mangling of the man pursued, but | Lewis Co., Ky. into requisition, not on account of his powers "My boy, my poor, poor boy! who has done of destruction, but because his unerring instinct will guide him straight and true on the path the culprit has taken, even though 24 with dust; his waistcoat was torn open, and | hours may have elapsed and rains have fallen not stanch, fell from a cruel stab beneath his and faint and perplexing. These noble animals have inherited all the instincts of their fore-"Ridgeway, my poor boy! tell me what has fathers, who gave back the deep and mellow echo of their bay in English glades in response "Anything

When Cour de Leon and his noble train purgleam of mischief came into his dark eyes, a | sued the fleeing stag through sunny Sherwood's smile stole over his lips as he whispered forest aisles they knew by the note of the hound that the antlere foe, arrow-stricken and "It-was-your kiss-did it, Jenny dear! I bleeding, was bayed by the faithful pack, but had forgotten-how high-priced the article was only bayed. The panting animal did not athere. Never mind, Jenny!"-he feebly raised | tempt to slake his thirst in the blood of his her hand to his white lips-"it was-worth | majestic prey, as the Cuban hound would have done, but sore and famishing as he was, he kept Jenny started to her feet, and looked wildly the buck on the defensive until the hunters around her. Then, with a sudden resolution, she arrived, and it was only when the arm of his stooped over the insensible man, and with one royal or noble master had driven home the strong effort lifted him in her arms as if he had sharp steel blade that he ventured to feast on been a child. When her father, a moment | the rich red current which flowed from the later, rubbed his eyes, and awoke from his stricken throat of the gallant foe which had sleep upon the veranda, it was to see a goddess, led him many a weary mile that day over bog | Cap, Canteen and Haversack, by Darius Cobb, erect and triumphant, striding toward the and moor, mountain stream and bosky thicket. And in this power of restraint consists the great, the true value of the Texas boodhound. He responds faithfully to the inherited instincts of his race. Trained to track a stag, he will follow him until he has bayed him, and will leave same thing exactly. Hence, as sheriffs do not desire the death, but the capture of criminals, it will easily be seen how far superior the Texas hound is to his Cuban cousin, and how much civilized people.

It may be taken as an absolute fact that no fugitive need fear harm from a Texas bloodhound if, when brought to a stand, he will remain quiet until his captors come. If he offers resistance, continues his flight or wounds the hound-why, then the hound will do just as his master would do under similar circumstances, and resort to extreme measures to defend him-

It is not yet six months since a desperado in the Panhandle of Texas was trailed into a chaparral thicket by three good hounds. He was brought to bay, and the noble animals made no effort to harm him. But seeing his pursuers coming up, he made another desperate attempt to save himself. In an instant the 11th century, but there is little to indicate the | hounds were on him, and when the sheriff and antiquity of the building. At the entrance is his men at length arrived they found two dead the court where the Cadi reigns supreme, set- hounds, covered with knife wounds, and the tling family grievances and disputes, divorce | third hound, uninjured, save for a slight stab, cases, etc. I met there an old acquaintance, with his fangs firmly fixed in the throat of the dying criminal. The remark the sheriff made at the time is worth a page of explanation: "That fool just flung his life away a fighting three dogs with a Barlow knife. Why didn't

Why is this dog called the bloodhound? The be here outil fewer o'clock when the up-stage | was 2 o'clock in the morning, and that the cording to him and his forefathers, on a bull's | name is deceiving. It is not that the aninal is more fond of blood than any other dog but it is owing to the peculiar instinct which pass the time with him. It's no use, Jinny," looked like Marguerite, without, probably, ever but when it comes to the question of where the he gained when tracking wounded or bloody deer. In course of time this faculty has been sharpened and developed, but the original instinct was gained in the forests of England.

Charles Read makes a fine use of this characteristic trait in the "Cloister and the presented to her as a physical fact-found her. about some land in Kabylie; but as I met him | Hearth." The maiden and her lover, and self in the presence of a new and strange three months after this time, and learned that power in the slight and elegant figure beside he had lost his wife, I conjectured that he was The young man, Gerard, alone is the object of pursuit. In order to save her lover, the heroine

nature of the true bloodhound. There is quite a general belief among the colored people that by binding certain herbs on the feet the hound will be thrown off the her life, and a great many, I fear, of her fancies | made up his mind that she is a nuisance, he | trail. This, of course, is a myth. The only -except one. When Mr. McClosky found the can say, "I divorce this woman thrice," and thing that will baffle a houng is running water, and sooner or later he will; take up the trail where the pursued left the stream. Men have been known, in a thick wood, to climb from tree to tree, only to be discovered in the end. There is only one way to escape capture by the bloodhounds, and that is to mount a swift horse

and make for the nearest railroad station. In Texas, and especially in the thinly-settled counties, these animals are in constant use. Nearly every county possesses a brace or two, and Mr. Burke Murray, of the penitentiary force at Huntsville, has a large kennel of them, which he trains and sells to the sheriffs as they need them. In certain parts of Texas it would be almost impossible to catch a criminal without the aid of these hounds, and when one of them has proven his ability and steadfastness no "prince of the blood royal" receives more devoted attention than he-and he deserves it.

Black Underwear for Ladies.

[Paris Dispatch to London Telegraph.] Black threatens to become a more popular color than ever in certain classes of Parisian society. There has already been much discussion about "black corsets," and it will be remembered perhaps by readers of French novels animal is labelled canis familiaris. Rather a that M. Paul Bourget, in his recent volume meek name that, a household dog. But the entitled "Mensonges," clothes his heroine, bloodhound is a long-descended animal, a pa- Mme Moraines, in a corset noir, which is retrician, in fact, and the "familiar dog" of the garded by her more Puritanical female friends as a badge of unpardonable levity. Should the present rage for black become more pravalent, not only stays but other mysterious articles of ageous as need be, but with it all he is by no feminine attire promise to become as sable as popular actress whose name is famous in operaoouffe has already, indeed, given a remarkable impetus to the growing taste for the lugubrious color chosen for funerals. She appeared on the stage a few nights ago arrayed in black from and the frequent mention of their use in track- | head to foot. Constellations of the ballet have, ing criminals in this State have rendered the of course, frequently appeared in "black public familiar with their name and with their | tights," but the actress in question has outheroded Herod and astounded her admirers by vengeance, for by his querring scent alone were | and continuations sable, but that her underjet in tint and were fringed with arabesque lacework of same color. Black may, therefore, be the only wear in the future.

He Was Reflecting.

[Detroit Free Press.] A man stood waiting on the corner of Woodward avenue and Sproat street yesterday, when the horse took fright and started off, and as he came out and looked around he asked of the lonnger:

"Did you see my rig?" "I saw you drive up here." "But the horse and wagon are gone."

"Did they run away?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so."

"I am not sure, but I think they did." "Didn't you see 'em go?"

"And you made no effort to stop the horse?" "I don't remember that I did." "Well, you are a mighty mean man." "Am I? Don't do me an injustice, sir. Fact is, I was buried in reflection and didn't take notice of anything. Man back here offered me

30 cents to bring in a ton of coal, and I was fig-

our reflective moments.' Telephone Girls Deprived of Gum,

[Detroit Journal.] There were weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the telephone stations the other day over a new order. The hello-girls have bowed in submission to the order that there shall be no reading, no sewing, no crocheting, The Cuban bloodbound is a combination of no drawn-work while they are on duty. But chew gum they felt that the time had come to strike till the last armed foe should expire. Conferences were held and cabals formed, but in the end quiet was restored and the gum was order was simple. When a subscriber calls for, There were further murmurs, affirmative, ble only to the person addressed and a face with purple flushing into rose, with rose shin- Far different from this terrible animal is the say, 4378-3r, the girl with the gum would re-

'Fortythreeseveatyeightthree rings." Then the subscriber would say it again, and again would come back the Greek word for pot-pie. Anger would be kindled, the wires would become superheated, and 1,000 would get the complaint that the girls were impudent; and yet it was all due to the gum.

A farm of 40 acres in Lewis Co., Ky., two and a half miles from Concord, on the C. & T. Turnpike, two miles from railroad; house, stable, corn-crib, some good timber, some good tobacco not low enough to repeat yourself under any garden walk. When within a few feet of the would not for a moment tolerate the use of the land, all in corn and oats; now rented on the fence she uttered a cry, the first she had given | Cuban hound in pursuit of criminals, even of | share; \$400 (four hundred dollars) crop and all. -the cry of a mother over her stricken babe, the most desperate character. The object to Pienty of apples on the place. Apply on premises or address JAS. P. WILLIAMS, Concord,

Only a Question of Time. [Omaha World.]

Omaha Man-You attended that convention to unite all Christian denominations in one church, I believe?

Enthusiastic Unionist-Yes; we had a most interesting session; all denominations were represented; it'll all come right; only a ques-

"Anything agreed on?" "Well, we agreed on the question of bells: all favored big ones."

> Business Idea. [Puck.]

Mr. Job Lott-You have forgotten to close the safe door, Stone. Mr. Kirby Stone-I leave it open on purpose I don't want burglars to destroy a two-thousand-dollar safe to get a few dollars.

OLD ARMY FRIENDS: a very life-like and striking picture (in colors) of an old Army private, 44th Mass. Infantry. This picture has been warmly praised by Sherman, Sheridan, and all old soldiers who have seen it. Size, 22x30 inches. Price, \$1.50, or with cloth back, \$2.00 the victim unharmed until the arrival of the on wooden stretcher, ready to hang, \$2.50. Agents wanted in every Post of G. A. R. and Corps of W. R. C. Good commissions. Write for terms. If no agent in your town, send your Co., P. O. Box 2154, Boston, Mass., and picture will be sent prepaid. Mention The National Tribune.

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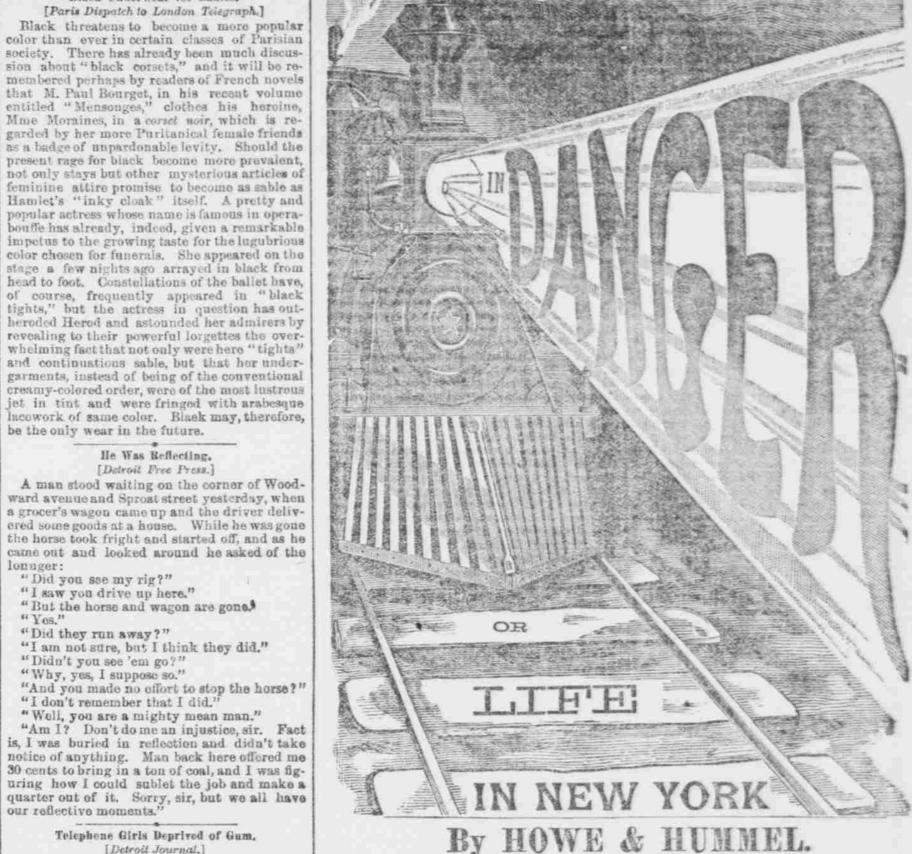
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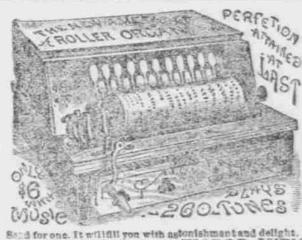
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